Pleaſe it your Highnes to diſmiſſe me either with I or no?
K. Ed. I, if thou ſay I, to my requeſt:
No, if thou ſay no, to my demaund.
La. Then no my Lord, my ſute is at an end.
Glo. The widdow likes him not, ſhe bens the brow.
Cla. Why, he is the bluntеſt woer in Chriſtendome.
K. Ed. Her lookes are all repleate with Maieſtie.
One way or other ſhe is for a King:
And ſhe ſhall be my loue, or elſe my *Queene*,
Saie, that king *Edward* tooke thee for his *Queene*?
La. Tis better ſaid then done, my gratious Lord,
I am a ſubiect fit to ieaſt withall,
But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.
K. Ed. Sweet widdow, by my ſtate I ſweare,
I ſpeake no more then what my heart intends:
And that is to enioy thee for my loue.
La. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto,
I know I am to bad to be your *Queene*:
And yet to good to be your Concubine.
K. Ed. You cauill widdow, I did meane my *Queene*.
La. Your grace would be loth my ſonnes ſhould call you Father.
K. Ed. No more then when my daughters cal thee mother
Thou art a widdow, and thou haſt ſome Children,
And (by Gods mother) I being but a Batcheler,
Haue other ſome: why tis a happie thing,
To be the father of manie Children:
Argue no more, for thou ſhalt be my Queene.
Glo. The ghoſtly father now hath done his ſhrift.
Cla. When he was made a ſhriuer twas for ſhift.
K. Ed. Brothers you muſe what talke the widdow and I haue had, you wold thinke it ſtrange if I ſhould marrie her.
Cla. Marrie her my Lord, to whom?
K Ed. Why *Clarence*, to my ſelfe.
Glo. That would be ten daies wonder at the leaſt.
Cla. Why thats a daie longer then a wonder laſts.
Glo. And ſo much more are the wonders in extreames.
K Ed. Well, ieaſt on Brothers, I can tell you,

18 too bad. 19 too good

Her ſute is graunted, for her huſbands lands.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. And it pleaſe your grace, *Henrie* your foe is taken,
And brought as priſoner to your pallace gates.
K Ed. Away with him, and ſend him to the Tower:
And lets go queſtion with the man about his apprehenſion.
Lords along, and vſe this Ladie honourably. *Exeunt.*

Manet Gloſter, and ſpeakes.

Glo. I, *Edvvard* will vſe women honourably,
Would he were waſted, marrow, bones and all,
That from his loynes no iſſue might ſucceed,
To hinder me from the golden time I looke for:
For I am not yet lookt on in the world.
Firſt is there *Edvvard*, *Clarence*, and *Henrie*,
And his ſonne, and all they looke for iſſue
Of their loynes, ere I can plant my ſelfe:
A colde premeditation for my purpoſe,
What other pleaſure is there in the world beſide?
I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,
And lull my ſelfe within a Ladies lappe,
And witch ſweet Ladies with my wordes and lookes.
Oh monſtrous man to harbour ſuch a thought,
Why, loue did ſcorne me in my mothers wombe:
And for I ſhould not deale in her affaires,
She did corrupt fraile nature in the fleſh,
And plaſt an enuious mountaine on my backe:
Where ſits deformitie, to mocke my bodie,
To dry mine arme vp like a withered Shrimpe,
To make my legges of an vnequall ſize,
And am I then a man to be belou'd?
Eaſier for me to compaſſe twentie crownes.
Tut, I can ſmile, and murder when I ſmile:
I cry content to that, that greeues me moſt.
I can adde colours to the Camelion,
And for a need, change ſhapes with *Protheus*,
And ſet the aſpyring *Catalin* to ſchoole.